

T H E  
MAID OF SORROW.

UNHAPPY daughter of Distress and Woe,  
Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art :  
For thee the tears of Charity shall flow,  
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart.

Perhaps, tho' now neglect'd and forlorn,  
A parent once survey'd thee with delight;  
The idol of the father's heart alone,  
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they toiled, watch'd, & pray'd ;  
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung ;  
And well they thought their tender care repaid,  
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning Reason shed her ray benign,  
And all thy excellence became reveal'd ;  
How did they see thy op'ning virtue shine.  
And hear thy praise with rapture ill-conceal'd !

Some base deceiver, practis'd to betray,  
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame ;  
Then cast thee like a loathsome weed away,  
The sport of Fortune, and the child of Shame.

Poor wand'rer ! perhaps thou couldst not find  
The liberal hand, the slender gift to spare ;  
Insatiate Avarice the soul confin'd,  
Or timid Prudence disbeliev'd thy prayer.

Then, from the world neglected and forlorn,  
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief ;  
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,  
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.

Unhappy shade ! whate'er thy lot has been,  
From sin at last, and sorrow thou art free ;  
Thy debt to Nature it is fully paid,  
And wounded Pity pays her debt to thee.